



A Whining Noise



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Chapter 1 by SugarlockAndMoriartea

You walk through the forest behind your house in the late afternoon. The leaves on the trees are blood red and those less-fortunate, brown leaves on the ground crunch under your feet.

It's a beautiful day.

As you near the cold stream that runs through the forest, you pick up on a variety of familiar sounds - the gurgling of water, the croaking of toads that live in your little escape.

This spot on the stream is a regular hideout for you. You come here and sit on the boulders to clear your mind and enjoy nature. But, just as you begin to close your eyes and soak in your surroundings, you hear a high pitched whining noise.. The tone is almost unidentifiable amongst your surroundings.

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